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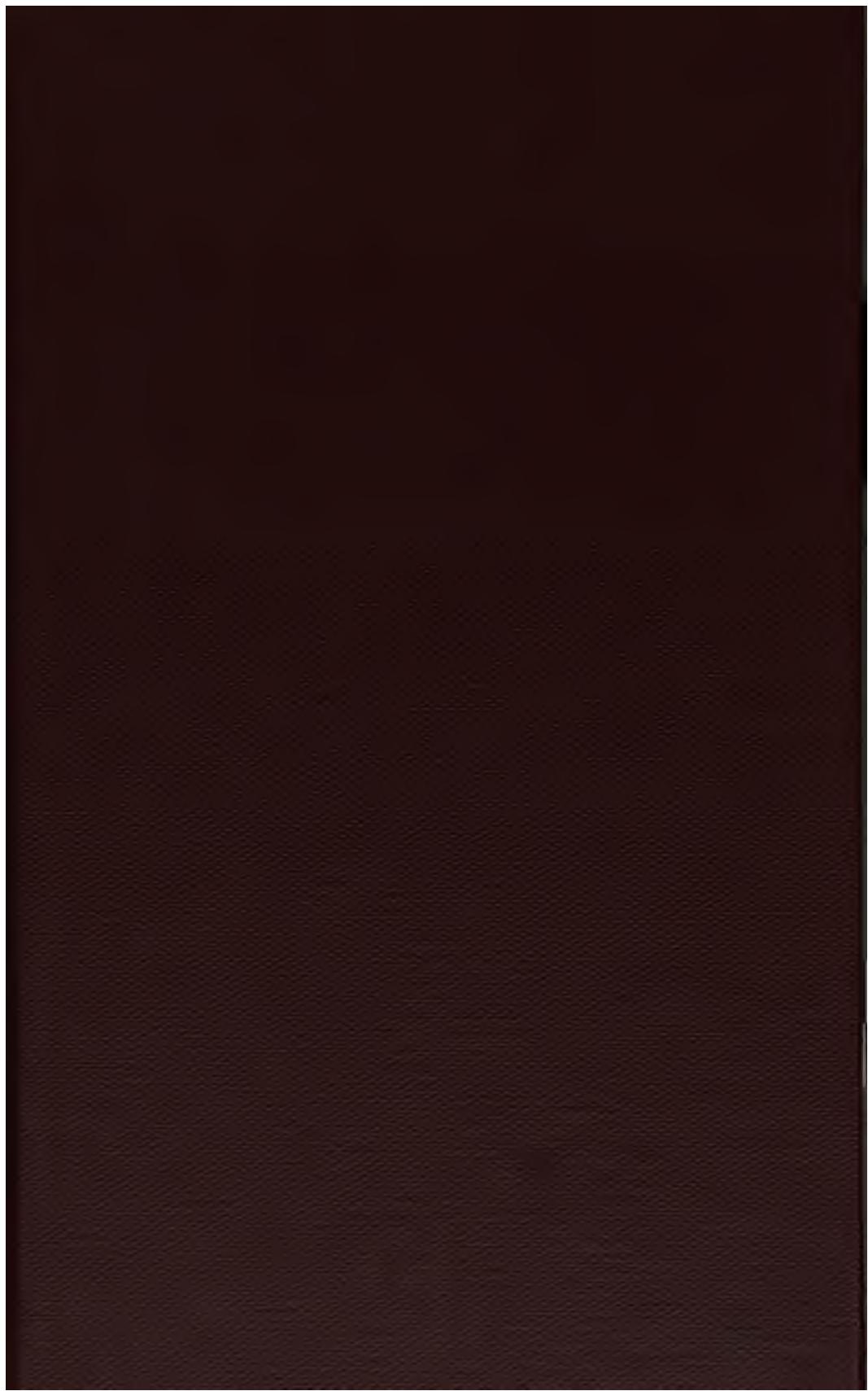
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No. 5.

A LETTER

TO

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND,

ON

SLAVERY

IN THE

SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA;

CONSIDERED ESPECIALLY IN REFERENCE TO

THE CONDITION OF THE FEMALE SLAVES.

MOST OF THE FACTS FROM THE OBSERVATION OF THE AUTHOR
WHILE TRAVELLING IN THE SOUTH.

BY EDWARD YATES, M.A., BARRISTER-AT-LAW;

NINETEENTH WRANGLER, SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; AUTHOR OF A
TREATISE ON STRATEGY, A TREATISE ON TACTICS, AND A GRAMMAR OF THE
TURKISH LANGUAGE, ETC.

"Is not this the fact that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy
burdens, and to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke?"—*Isaiah lviii. 6.*

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?"—
Job iii. 20.

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A LETTER,

ETC., ETC.

LADIES,—

I AM venturing to address you on the degradations and sufferings of women, not only of African race, but many of mixed races ; some, the experience of my own eyesight assures me, of European blood, of all shades of colour, from light-blue eyes and flaxen hair, through brunette, brown, &c., to black. In one single day, at Augusta, in the State of Georgia, I saw several white slave girls, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I bought a curl from one of them for a dollar to bring home with me to show what sort of wool some of the Southern female slaves have on their heads ; many of my friends saw it with astonishment.

I have thought I might best appeal to the sympathy of my honoured countrywomen, and best lay before them what that South is which sordid avarice is everywhere seeking to support, by contrasting what woman, divinely ennobled by the exalting conditions of her being, has a right to expect in the most prominent phases of her earthly life with *that which slave women do in fact*

receive. I am writing to free women ; of the tortures psychical and physical of slave women I am pained to have to treat. I am most profoundly penetrated, I hope, with a practical belief that when woman is approached in any manner, whether personally or by letter, whether as the subject of a social or political question, or philosophical disquisition, she is to be approached, not only with an intellect and an understanding, but with the deepest feelings and appreciation of all that is due to the tenderest affection, the noblest sympathy, and not without a reasonable reverence for her exalted destiny as a mother, and in all her capacities. Let the Southern chivalry, and their friends and jackals, approach woman commercially, and buy and sell her as a chattel, I can not. I trust my motive, as it develops itself through these pages, may be sufficient apology for addressing you. I feel, ladies, your hearts take deep interest in the happiness of the millions yet unborn in the future of the suffering race of Eve. Your comprehensive and enlightened affection cares, I am sure, intensely for the honour, the virtue, the nobility, and consequent happiness of your descendants, and of posterity yet to have existence. In the pages of history we see Sin and Misery, parent and child, with sure connection, in never-failing consecution, stalk among nations, blighting, ruining, blasting, destroying, just as certainly as in the individual soul.

I write under a deep feeling of a positive duty imposed upon me, as having the honour to be one of your fellow-countrymen, who has, while travelling in the Southern States, seen for himself with his own eyes, heard for himself with his own ears,—so that there is no possibility

of his being mistaken,—the dark horrors of that “peculiar Institution,” which *Mr. Davis*, the so-called *Southern President*, has asserted to be “the corner-stone of the Confederate edifice, to be in the future, the corner-stone of the social and political system of the world.” The facts and ideas, in reference to slavery, contained in this letter, were acquired by me during my travels in the Southern States in 1855, when, my attention having been specially called to the subject by Mrs. Stowe’s celebrated work “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” as a traveller I naturally made a most careful and minute inspection of the slave system. I think few would have been able to see so much of the system as I did. Cerberus guarded, with jealous eye, the gate of the prison-house, and had to be at times evaded or cajoled. I was then young, active, in good health and animal spirits. On horseback from morning till night, or out with a gun, I visited the rice, sugar, cotton, and tobacco plantations. With command of money when, in order to obtain information, I desired to be considered of Southern sentiment, I spent money, for short intervals, as freely and recklessly as if I had been myself a Southerner, and had stolen woman’s lash-enforced labour, and turned it into gold. When that best served my object, I did let it be thought I was a man of property, thinking of purchasing land, and settling down, for a time at least, in the South, and was making preparatory inquiries as to the institutions I should find around me, to see how I should like them. There was no untruth—only my auditors referred the matter to the slave-present. I was thinking of the free future which I hoped for, till I almost felt certain it must come.

On other occasions, when talking with overseers on the plantations, and desiring to know all they did on the subject of slavery, I have let it be understood I was wishing to be an overseer myself, and wanted information. That was true, only my auditors chose to consider the word *overseer* as a special concrete, and made it erroneously into slave-overseer, whereas I invariably used it in the perfect abstract, or else in reference to some just and noble operation. At the expiration of my Southern travels, I did not attempt to give publicity to my knowledge, except in two letters, which that powerful, noble, and able sheet, the *New York Tribune*, inserted, and in a portion of the dedication of my military treatises to General Sir W. Napier. No sufficiently momentous crisis had arrived to compel me to action. I selfishly shunned the repulsive theme, and desired to banish for ever from my soul and memory the knowledge of an unexpected hell. I have, however, when asked, always spoken severely against slavery, and asserted that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" contains not much more than the beginning of the terrible system.

I have very recently returned from a visit to the United States, after making a most minute inspection of the present situation. In consequence of that inspection, though with great reluctance, I now feel bound to write. A sufficiently momentous crisis to compel any man to act, seems to me to have arisen, for I believe the most important issue the world has ever known is being tried. If it were possible for me to lose sight of the courage and suffering of New England, the North-Western, Pennsylvanian, and other regiments, and the devotion of many

Northern ladies, so all important to mankind does the conflict appear to me, that I lose sight of the present actual combatants, North and South, and see arrayed on the one side—God, Heaven, Religion, Liberty, Humanity, Purity, Progress, Pleasure, Happiness ; on the other in contrast—Satan, Hell, Atheism reduced to a practical system, Tyranny, Fiendism, Defilement, Retrogression, Pain, Misery. I can, for my part, never believe that Religion, Morality, and Liberty are mere abstractions men can with safety afford to neglect ; nor can I think that the unwearying, avenging Nemesis of history has ceased to pursue, with undeviating hand, *national sin*. Believe me, the writing this letter appears a painful duty, and therefore I feel the more interested in its producing the effect I wish ; and that the letter may not lose any weight I can possibly give it, and that it may not be run down by the false statement almost certain to be put forward, that it was written for gain, or from some low motive, I hope I may be permitted to say I am an Englishman, wholly unconnected, in any way, with the Government of the United States, and trust that my social position and large property are more than sufficient to protect the letter from unjust calumny.

With friends and acquaintance, I expect my character and known turn of thought and action will entirely guarantee the purity of the motive of this painful task. I venture, ladies, on the honour of addressing you, because I believe it necessary at this juncture you should know the truth ; and, because I believe, when you do know it, your noble and affectionate natures will fearlessly throw the entire weight of your collective

moral force and social influence into the scale of Emancipation and the Free North. Your moral force and social influence boldly exerted are, I feel sure, far greater than your delicate modesty allows you to believe, and would be far better known to you, but for your self-sacrificing tenderness, even in the expression of opinion. You women of Britain are, I believe, capable of turning the all important pending balance with a mighty weight; shortening greatly the terrible sufferings of war; stilling the dismal shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men. If, as you peruse these pages, you believe the entire truth of the facts thereof, and find therein contained a record of injustice, iniquity, tyranny, cruelty and lust, and complications of slavery, terrible for female slaves, occasional glances at the degraded and unhappy state of the wives of the Southern women-floggers, I feel sure your moral force and social influence will be used fearlessly to avert these calamities from your humbler coloured and white sisters held in bondage, and put a stop to the degradation of your sex, which has always been, and can never fail to be, contagious and expansive in a thousand ways. I must ask you to pardon the length of this prelude. I have tried to shorten it, but have not seen how to do so.

To begin my task of contrasting the condition of women in free countries with that of slave women in the Southern States of America. If a girl rising to womanhood looks forward with more particular appreciation, mixed with some shade of apprehension, to any phase of her human life, it is the state of early wedlock, the first term of married life. During that time she has to learn, if

what she believed the honourable courtship of a free and noble being, is a reality to bless her future life. During that time, she has to reciprocate the highest pleasures of poetry and sense known to man. That splendid time (impossible without freedom) has, however, to be followed in the usual course, by a time of suspense and apprehension yet of intellect ; pure, sympathetic, conjugal and general affection and religion. This time of apprehension and suspense (so nobly supported) is to finish in some danger to life, certainly in acute suffering. During the period of suspense in early wedlock, woman, *because she is in need of*, has certainly a right to all the supports her husband, relatives, friends, and society in general can give. She has a right to the consolations religion, intelligence, education, culture, no less than affection and sympathy, can afford. *She wants the satisfaction of knowing it is appreciated and felt that her suspense, danger, and suffering, exalt her in the scale of being, raise her to an equality with her husband (I think in her own home to more than an equality), and are a most powerful appeal to her husband for still greater love for herself, and, what her devoted nature values far more, a most powerful appeal to her husband for a father's fullest affection for her child.* Nor is it without encouragement and cheer, she feels the knowledge that this suspense, this danger, and acute suffering can be no unimportant element in the affection, honour, and veneration with which her sons, when grown up to manhood, will regard her. Her self-denying heart accepts with tempered gladness the dispensations of the all-good, all-wise, all-powerful Being, *the faithful Creator, all-mighty, and all-*

merciful Father who evolves psychical nobility for her offspring through the instrumentality of her suspense, danger, and suffering. During this time of apprehension and suspense, which is especially the time when two souls should mingle together without shadow of the taint (if such there be) of material existence, woman has most certainly a right to all the religious and intellectual supports, all the religious and intellectual pleasures, all the manly encouraging sympathy which can be supplied by the masculine mind of her husband, educated in a masculine school, and I think we may assume usually of wider scientific and philosophic knowledge.

In free societies, where sordid avarice has not pushed "mean whites" to the lowest conceivable form of robbery,—namely, stealing woman's labour by means of the lash,—during the period of early wedlock, woman is not without comforts and encouragements, though I cannot think even then she has too many. For instance, in addition to those referred to, she has for husband a man of her choice, and *he free*; her marriage takes place honourably with reasonable pomp, amidst the approbation and good wishes of friends and acquaintances; is attended by sympathy and affection of relatives. All fear, too, is as far as possible removed of the terrible contingency, that the beautiful river of her woman's love, gaining strength and expansion by habit, till it fails to see and feel the ugly features (if such there be) of the ocean it is too content to nourish, purify, and sweeten, shall find one day that ocean gone; and when, instead of the bitterer, rougher, yet stronger

stabler waves with which its gentle spiritual waters love to combine, thereby in exchange for imparted freshness, purity, sweetness, to receive firmness, strength, stability—may I say loftier motion—the river of her woman's love finds only a desolate desert bed of dry sand and hard rock. Every sect of Christians, without exception, insists on the sacred permanency of marriage, ministers of the Church of England saying in very beautiful language, “for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part,” and “those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.”

As well, during the period of early wedlock, woman in *free* societies enjoys for a further comfort from relatives, friends, and affectionate husband, the highest care of her body, person, and health, which can be supplied. “Joy,” too, she undoubtedly has “that a man is born into the world,” *a free man unrobbed of his manhood before his birth, a free being connected with her by the closest natural relation, for her to educate, develope, and whom no divorce can separate from her.*

To trace briefly in contrast that portion of a slave woman's life, which corresponds to the early wedlock of a free woman. *In the first place, marriage has no existence for a slave woman.*

In the Southern States there is no marriage for a slave. In order to complete, rivet, and protect the theft of a woman's labour, and give sanction to the violation of her person in every brutal and cruel way, it is necessary, by degrees, to deny her a soul, to degrade her in every possible manner; and this has been, in fact and

practice, attempted by every possible means. Everything that could expel vital Christianity has therefore, of course, been tried. Honourable ministers of the gospel of that Jesus, who lived divinely, and spoke somewhat harshly of those who "began to beat the men-servants and the maid-servants," and by implication of their *jackal's abettors*—faithful men, who recognized and preached the only fast acceptable to the Great Being ; viz., "To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke"—have been driven from the South with vulgar insult, cruel, personal indignities, in peril of life. Marriage, one of the most sacred institutions of Christianity, is, as a natural consecration of Southern principles and fruits of Southern practical atheism, forbidden the slave woman, as a means to her degradation and embrutification ; while, for the white wife of the rich slave-owner (and many are rich), marriage has been made the delusive shadow, the hollow mockery, of a magnificent and divine reality. The slave woman has, therefore, in reality, no early married life. In that period of her existence which most corresponds to it, she has no one of those comforts, consolations, supports, and encouragements, which have been enumerated. All the comfort and consolation she has, is that which the All-merciful Father enables her to draw from the depths of a woman's and a mother's soul. True, she has the deep sympathy of other unfortunates powerless to aid. Many female slaves have refused alike white and coloured

* Isaiah lviii. 6.

men, because they were too honourable to become mothers of slaves. Vain refusal! "Virtue is not so strong as the lash." The experiment has been tried over and over again, and the slave woman is obliged to have the person her master or the overseer chooses, or can only select from the restricted number of uneducated men (all purposely kept ignorant) of suitable age on the estate, or, at best, on the adjoining estates, when there are any, and she is permitted. If a slave woman be good-looking and light-coloured, she is pretty sure, as a preliminary, to be degraded by some Southern previous to being tacked on, for anything like a permanency, to a coloured man. That degradation may be more or less temporary. When it lasts a length of time, it frequently ends in the woman and her children being sent or sold to a distance, to avoid the mute but constant reproach of presence. Suppose a female slave, tacked on to a man slave, whom I must call her mate, for something like permanency, and suppose she has become very strongly attached to him—such very strong affection very frequently exists, and does credit to the African character. I think, however, mutuality of suffering may be reckoned among its causes. In this case, a miserable complication is liable to arise. A new driver, or an overseer, or an idle son or nephew of the planter, or a visitor to the estate, &c., may desire intrusion—which the Southerners, in their intense corruption, consider an honour to any female slave. In case of non-compliance, then may commence a series of persecutions; wife and husband get equally the cowhide under any pretext; while *beings* have actually been known to draw revolvers on the unarmed husband and

shoot him out of anger and vengeance. *No one can deny that.* Neither poetry nor pleasure can be supposed to attend such union ; or if they do, they are certainly not derived from the "peculiar Institution." The tacking-on a female slave to her mate has nothing honourable about it. Religion is excluded from hallowing it. No congratulating friends or sympathizing relatives attend it. It is not for a permanency : an accident of commerce, the death of the owner, or the whim of a man, may dissolve it at any moment by sale of husband or wife, or of both, in different directions.

At Richmond and New Orleans I was present at slave auction sales, and did not see one single husband and wife sold together, but, without exception, as far as I was able to learn from the negroes sold or the auctioneers, every grown-up man left a wife behind and every grown-up woman a husband. The river of the slave woman's love often, as I have said, allowed by her to flow too deeply and strongly for her own peace towards the partner of her woes, must, therefore, frequently find its ocean dry.

"Skins may differ ; but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."—Cowper.

The slave woman's time of suspense is embittered by the thought she is to bring into the world (I mistake, into a hell) an unfortunate being to suffer and be a hopeless slave, whose educational culture is absolutely prohibited. In her time of suspense she can derive neither protection from her husband, nor comfort from his cultivated thoughts, for teaching a slave to read or

write is punished criminally by law, and that severely, to say nothing of *Lynch Laws*. The care a slave woman has taken of her health, person, and body during her time of suspense will be seen from the following brief statement of what, next to burning slaves alive and tortures by fire, is the foulest blot on even the escutcheon of slavery. *A round hole is hollowed out in the ground, and a living baby is therein buried beneath the surface of the earth before it has been born into the world, that the nude mother, with hands and feet tied to four stakes driven into the ground, may in that manner, with the least pecuniary risk to the owner, be tortured with the cart-whip, the paddle, or the rod.*

That this is a common occurrence in Jefferson Davis's hell I have had from the mouths of several overseers themselves, who, believing me an embryo overseer, were not unwilling to induct me into the mysteries of the profession, and I myself have seen two of these *living babies' graves*. The one was in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, the other about eight miles from what was Donaldsonville, the place having I understand been recently destroyed and burned by Northern gunboats for firing on unarmed transports containing wounded men. One overseer on an estate up the Bayon, which runs into the Mississippi, near Donaldsonville, insisted particularly on the necessity of flogging female slaves in advanced pregnancy, deeming it an essential part of the "peculiar Institution," and saying they were always more lazy and more impudent when in that condition. I suggested to him "the laziness might be the result of actual weakness and fatigue;" ventured no more, but

thought the feeling she was about to bring a man into the world to be under such a beast as he was enough to make any woman savage. *There is not the shadow of a doubt of the existence of this infernal practice*, and the coloured people, whether free or slave, point to it as a terrible monstrosity. Though coloured, they have sense to know a woman is, and some even speak of her as being, "in a delicate situation." There are crimes which blacken alike the souls of the perpetrators and any jackal abettors to a darker than any physical black. Any one who reads the evidence of English officers and gentlemen, with respect to slavery in our own colonies, given before Committees of the Houses of Parliament at the time of the Emancipation, and all our State Papers relating to slavery, will, I am sure, be predisposed to believe, what is in reality the fact, that I fall very far short of doing justice in these pages to the full horrors of Southern slavery. The Parliamentary Reports and State Papers referred to are all in the Libraries of the British Museum, the House of Commons, and, no doubt, in those of Oxford and Cambridge.

I shall now lay before you the history of a slave girl, as communicated to me by a gentleman during my travels. I shall never forget the narrative as it was delivered to me. I have no proof to offer of the truth of it. I wish it to be fully understood I tell the tale as it was told to me. I, however, believe most firmly in the truth of the recital, because *a complication of circumstances precisely similar* happened to another slave girl, and of the truth of this I could have no

doubt. I judge that the story of the slave girl, which I know to be true by every evidence that can be looked for, and the story of that other slave girl which that gentleman related to me are only types of hundreds of cases. *They are examples of a class.* This much at least is sure, the slave women suffer greatly, as Hagar from Sarah, from the jealousy of their mistresses, and to them the gate of liberty is only opened by prostitution. Oh monstrous reality! The facts of the slave girl's story which came beneath my own observation I shall not relate; the facts of that other slave's story communicated to me I shall. Suffice it to say that with a slight variation of details both are the same, and belong to a class of similar enormous complications.

The circumstances in that slave girl's story which came under my inspection were as follows in the table which will be found below, and numbered 1 to 9.

The cruel circumstance 4, and part of circumstance 9 are wanting in the narrative laid before me, and which narrative I purpose to lay before you. But that I feel I can do no injustice by writing a narrative in which I have every confidence, and but that the case of which I shall write is surely and certainly only the model or example of a class of cases, I would not write at all.

The consecution of circumstances in the history of the slave girl, which came so far within my own inspection as to leave no doubt, are as will follow below and are numbered.

The history of the slave girl as related to me will follow after that, and as I have no evidence to give

except my belief in the words of an unknown gentleman, with the knowledge that nearly similar cases commonly occur, *I shall, as I best may, illustrate and confirm the story as I go on by facts of my own experience.*

Complication in a slave girl's history as known to me.

1. A white father of good position, his death, her orphanage, separate sale of mother and child.
2. Hiring out and being cruelly flogged by her mistress from jealousy.
3. Sale for the purpose of violation, and her whole life, till she obtained her freedom, one series of violations.
4. Child by her violator.
5. Jealousy of her violator, locked up in a dark room, private imprisonment and flogging.
6. Escape through the help of a reckless man, a Southern rowdie and gambler.
7. Enforced prostitution, having no other means of getting the money to purchase herself and her child.
8. Murderous assault by the reckless man who helped her escape through jealousy in part, and partly because she would no longer keep him.
9. Cohabitation with a man who, to please her, had purchased her brother, and in 1855 owned her brother as a slave. True, he was a good man, and behaved kindly, yet perhaps it is not pleasant to be living with a man who owns your own brother, and here we have another detail of slavery.

I may remark in favour of African intelligence, that this slave girl could repeat by heart Bulwer's play, the *Lady of Lyons*, and was extremely well up in English poetry generally. On one occasion, through insisting on the accuracy of a quotation I made from Byron, I remember losing a trifling bet

While out driving in a carriage with this lady I noticed one day she carried a square piece of lace doubled up in her hand, and this she put over her bonnet, so as to form a veil. There was some wind, and that increased by the motion of the carriage made the lace annoying, which led to the information that any free coloured woman who wears a veil in the South is liable to be fined, imprisoned, and flogged in a prison or police station. Mr. Mason is here, I believe, so is Mr. Slidell. Dare they deny this monstrous fact? Will they deny that their system is so rotten, so timorous, so stupid, so cruel, that it is forced to make such mean dirty war on women's veils?

If the case I shall now lay before you of Ellen Toussainte were a single, isolated, solitary, exceptional case, *not* one of a class; if it were not a mere example of a number of cases of similar complications, one of which I have personally known, and of the existence of which as a class, most reliable authority, verbal and written, has convinced me, and if I had not known that no truthful man who has even experienced the Slave States can deny the existence of like cases; I would not introduce into my letter the story of Toussainte with assumed names, though, to a mind of delicacy, a thousand and one reasons point clearly to reticence. As far as

physical torture is concerned, unless higher organizations experience physical pain in a far greater degree than lower, from the same amount of externally-inflicted punishment, I have greatly favoured Jefferson Davis and his crew by the selection of an example.

Toussainte was only flogged twice in her life. Tens of thousands of slave women, in the course of their lives, experience inflictions, in point of number and severity, immensely greater. I have given the case because it is only rendered exceptional, and would be very greatly below the average but for the *extreme*—and if my interlocutor spoke truly, I have used the word advisedly—intellectual, moral, psychical faculties joined to rich and rare personal beauty of face and form, with exquisite grace of expression and carriage, which Toussainte possessed.

In one respect the case of the slave woman that came under my own notice was greatly worse than that of Toussainte; for, by the cruel man who bought her to violate her, she had a child. I saw its photograph. It was being educated at a school in New York State by the kind man with whom this slave woman was then living. She loved that child, her only one, with a mother's love; for in this proud and beautiful woman a mother's love rose up, defying cruel circumstance; yet how different to have associated the idea of her child with that of a different man—with that of an amiable, brave, and handsome gentleman of her own free choice! How bitter the thought that, after all, her love and care, *the father's base and cruel nature predominating*, might render her whole maternal devotedness worse than a hideous mockery! I have seen the tears of a proud

woman well up and overflow in large thunderdrops on the passing occurrence of this cruel thought.

From 1855 to 1863 is eight years. I must therefore be pardoned if minute errors enter into the narration of a history narrated to me. I can only give the spirit of the verbiage in which I received it as it exists in my mind. I may fall very far short in places, and doubt not I shall. In others I may exemplify or change the language of the unpreconcerted narrative as delivered to me. I have already laid before you the facts known to me of the history of one unfortunate woman in the cold abstract, with cold mathematical style and arrangement. I will now lay before you as I may how a perhaps warmer nature related a similar history.

My interlocutor spoke thus—please recollect it is not I who am speaking. At the principal hotel in Delta I had made the acquaintance—I think I might say friendship (for nothing binds men so firmly together as a community of principles)—of a gentleman of some 45 to 50 years of age. His name was Estis, he was travelling in the south for the benefit of his health, and to dispel his grief for the loss of his only daughter and child, which, following after that of his wife, had left him a lonely man in the world. He had been a merchant, and was opulent; yet had he found time to educate himself, largely cultivate the moralities, the affections, and amenities, and was one of those men in whom these appear natural. He was an Abolitionist, and was pleased to find me one also. I was strolling one morning with this gentleman, in philosophical conversation, down the wide, main street of Delta. A splendid midsummer

reigned over the south, and "God alone was to be seen in Heaven." The acacia, poplar, and other trees rustled gently their semi-tropical luxuriant leaves along the sides of the avenue of white houses, and so fair a scene presented itself—the only drawback was the lurking thought that it covered that sweltered venom of slavery *which has brought ruin on every community in which it ever existed.* Talking and thinking, I found the magnificent scene had received still further illustration.

About thirty yards in front, I saw a lady approaching, carrying very gracefully a dark green parasol. I was struck by her native admirable grace of carriage, set off by the beautiful simplicity of a rich green dress, close up to the throat, with small black lace collar. Suited to the climate, the dress clearly defied the extortions of stay-makers, and was contained by girdle of its own colour, with simple gold buckle in front. Beneath the parasol I saw pending from a brown straw hat beautiful jet black natural waves, encasing as fair a semi-brunette face as I had seen.

To my satisfaction, the fair comer and my friend stopped to speak. I was persuaded distance does not always lend enchantment. What bright interpreters of the present are youth and hope! I became aware of an essentially feminine expression of beautiful hazel eyes, of tenderest curves, faultless affectionate lips, opening in bright smile, to show teeth thoroughly feminine in shape, regularity, and of that pearly sort which ensures the happy possession of their friendly company for life. I saw the lady entertained esteem and affection for my companion. When she looked at me I remarked an

expression which I have since seen on the faces of slave women. It appears to be the surface indication of a woman's soul, rendered melancholy by unmerited insults, sufferings yet charged with pent-up indignation, and latent fire that it dares not too plainly exhibit.

In Toussainte's countenance gaiety, the result of a noble, courageous, affectionate nature, strove often well for empire of expression, yet could it never succeed except for short intervals ; the poison appeared to have entered too deep, the injury too great, to be eradicable except in another world. Yet was that look so modified and chastened by innate loveliness of soul, it was only from after experience I was able to interpret it, for slavery was then new to me. In a straw hat of American make, the lady took me to be a Southerner. It is strange what magic the names of Old and New England have for every Southern slave ; no freemason's sign thereto approaches. Would it not be as heartless, as unwise, not to cherish the affection of 4,000,000 unfortunate men and women ? I learned afterwards she had been known as the Rose of Afra, an appellation I did not think misplaced ; that she had been a slave ; that she had suffered much ; and since for coloured women, however white, Southern pride, interest, and avarice render marriage with a white impossible, she was living with a wealthy merchant and planter, who had long done extensive business with Mr. Estis. It was at the invitation of Mr. A., as I shall call this gentleman, that Mr. Estis had come to Afra.

Mr. A. was, during the fortnight or so I spent at Afra, absent in the North making purchases, &c., so I

never saw him, but learned he had his share of Southern insolence and pride.

Mr. Estis said that as Toussainte was shut out from cultivated society, and cared for no other, he was very often with her; he was going to her house to lunch, then take her out for a drive; invited me to go with him, in which proposal I readily acquiesced. Mr. Estis was one of those good and happy men whose souls seem to grow younger as their bodies grow older; and, I learned, with his customary benevolence, had formed the idea of making Toussainte his adopted daughter, delivering her from the Southern hell, and placing her in an honourable position. Before taking me to Toussainte's, he told me he felt confident I would treat her with the same respect, politeness, and delicacy as any other lady, notwithstanding what I might hear of her situation and misfortunes, for part of her biography was well known to some in the town. I thanked him for his confidence, and told him his wishes should, as far as I knew how, be complied with to the letter. Mr. Estis remarked that Toussainte, who had never left the South, and naturally judged white men by the Southerners, looking back on her unfortunate antecedents and experience, viewed with somewhat of timidity the thought of Northern and European life. I was cautioned that, as he would introduce me as an Abolitionist, my conduct would either strengthen assurance or distrust, and the moral responsibility attaching to my actions was delicately but firmly pointed out. I will now proceed to narrate, said my interlocutor, the tale of Ellen Toussainte, as I learned it from Mr. Estis, from herself, from negroes, from bar-

keepers, and other inhabitants of the town near which she was born, for, as I have said, her beauty had attracted attention. She was known as the Rose of Afra, and the fact of her having been shot at three times with a revolver in quick succession by a drunken gambler, and wounded once, though slightly, on the right shoulder, was matter of notoriety in that town.

Ellen Toussainte was the daughter, by a beautiful slave woman, of a gentleman of one of the best families in the State of Alpha, of English descent. He died young. No will appeared. The presence of Toussainte, then 15 years old, and who had been her father's playing and pet, and educated by himself, and that of her mother, was displeasing to the new owner. He ordered them to be sold by auction in his absence.

Toussainte and her mother were sold by auction, and sold separately.

Observations and accounts by myself, in illustration of the gentleman's story ; and I desire it to be distinctly understood I hold myself responsible for the truth of every observation on, and every illustration of, the truth of the story, though not for the truth of the story itself.

OBSERVATIONS.—SET No. I.

Let Mr. Jefferson Davis and the South traverse before God, if they dare, this assertion of mine (the writer of these pages), that before and during the auction sales men and women, boys and girls, are exposed naked in a room to inspection of purchasers. Let them traverse my assertion that, during the biddings at the

auction sales, the clothes of young women are raised far above their knees to show them off. Mr. Slidell, whom I may caution to beware lest his name be not too suggestive of the direction in which he appears to be inextricably sliding, is, I am informed, in England. Let him traverse my two last statements. Let Mr. Pulliam, of the firm of Pulliam and Davis, slave-dealers, Richmond, Virginia, deny that I myself did see him so raise the clothes of a young slave woman during an auction sale. Let him deny it before God on his oath if he dare. I hold myself already on my oath to the affirmation that he did do so.

And here I may be permitted to remark the extreme importance to mankind of the holy and perfect preservation of the parental relationship.

The parental relationship lies at the very basis of Christianity. The name by which the Founder of Christianity addressed the Great Being was "Father." Even in natural theology, the existence of the parental relationship affords the surest argument and proof of the infinite love of the Great Being, the consequent immortality of the soul, or, in other words, the infinite conservation of individuality which follows logically from that infinite love. It is pleasant while treating on a painful subject, to stop at an oasis of philosophic truth. So pray excuse the following argument on the all-importance of the pure, holy, and scrupulous conservation of that parental relationship which slave-owners are perpetually violating and trampling in the dust.

Throughout the whole universe known to man; every animal loves its offspring; the cow fights for its calf;

a hen will fight a hawk to protect her chickens ; the mare stands on the windward side to shelter her foal ; an ant will fight a man and die in the unequal combat, rather than surrender its egg ; even a sow will fight with fury for her young.

Love, pure, beautiful, holy, self-sacrificing, as a rule, attends, accompanies, and forms a part of the parental relationship.

The parental relationship, or the relation of parent to child, when unlimitedly increased and intensified, is the Creatorial Relationship, or the relation of Creator to Created.

When the *Parental Relationship* becomes infinitely or unlimitedly close, and therefore becomes *Creatorial Relationship*, then the love which always accompanies the parental relationship becomes also infinite and unlimited, and we see clearly if we keep this parental relationship sacred, the truth of the sublimest idea that, I think, ever entered the soul of man ; namely, that "God is Love," love in His innermost self-sustaining essence, love in His motive, love in the basis and origin of His unlimited self-sustaining existence.

To state the preceding argument briefly—parental love accompanies the parental relationship ; therefore, we conclude, that when the parental relationship becomes unlimitedly close, in which case it becomes Creatorial Relationship, parental love becomes also unlimitedly great, and is Creatorial Love ; and is that unlimited love which the Great Being has for all His creatures.

Jesus of Nazareth's name for the Great Being was "Father."

Parental love may almost be considered the highest element of the soul of the Great Being. Yet are the Southerners trampling it under foot every day, with no better excuse for this most monstrous crime against God and humanity, than difference of colour, which difference of colour does not even in some cases exist. They bring children of their own into the world to be slaves, and they rob slave-mothers of their children. Nothing can be more sure than this ; slavery is in this as in all else, *the plague-spot on the body of humanity, which, if not removed, must be fatal to the human race.*

It seems shocking that the most important sacred relationship, the very basis of religion, should be treated with utter ignominy and contempt by the separation of parents and children at auction and other sales in the South. The Southerners apply every injurious epithet to be found *even in their vocabulary* to Abolitionists, while they themselves are *Amalgamationists*. If the Southerners do not believe in the equality of the two races, they must explain the existence of the very many men, women, and children, ranging through all shades from black to white, which are found everywhere in their land. If the Southerners amalgamate with African races,—and any one can have *ocular* proof of that by going into any Southern town,—they surely are bound to admit, that when amalgamation is not uncommon between races, and judged by the offspring, certainly not unnatural, such a relationship as that of Southern slave-owner to Southern slave, is an *infamy*. And these amalgamationists voluntarily sell or deliver up their own children to be the veriest and worst entreated slaves. I

may here state I saw the Mr. Pulliam before referred to, sell two daughters to different owners, away from their mother, who was also to be sold. This unfortunate woman was a Quadroon, and I shall not forget readily the large tears that started to her eyes as she saw her two children sold away from her. The mother had a little child in her arms which was sold with her, it being evidently too small to render it profitable to sell it separately. The unfortunate woman was obliged to look down to hide the expression of anguish she could not suppress; nor were entreaties, or tears, or remonstrances permitted her; for anything of that kind injures the sale, and the unfortunates are always shown the negro dealer's dungeons beforehand, and the instruments of torture, and cautioned by great threats, to put on a cheerful air. No crime greater in a negro dealer's eye, than for a slave at an auction sale, to spoil his or her price, by not showing with alacrity his back or his front, or not walking up and down on the platform, like a horse in a fair, when ordered.

Story of Toussainte continued.

At 15 years of age Toussainte was sold by auction, and being clearly a "fancy article," to use the negro dealer's abominable slang, required very considerably over the average amount of inspection and display.

She was knocked down at a very high figure to Mr. Southern Chivalry, a rich negro-dealer, who, however, knew his business well, and who devoted himself

mainly to the fancy department of his calling, just as one horse-dealer takes principally to the sale of thoroughbreds.

Mr. Southern Chivalry knew he could make the most of his newly-acquired live stock by keeping it for two or three years, so he determined to find a good place for Toussainte, and let her services for the consideration of certain dollars per annum to be paid to him. An amiable, aged, widow lady, whom I will call Mrs. Goodbody, residing at a handsome detached residence, from two to three miles from the town of Afra, wanted a young slave woman, to be a nurse and sort of companion. Mr. Southern Chivalry concluded the negotiation, stipulating only, though strongly, that he could not allow Toussainte to be flogged, so as to leave lasting marks on his property, which, he said, would greatly depreciate its large value. Toussainte did all she could to please. Mrs. Goodbody treated her indulgently, and even affectionately. I cannot help thinking Mrs. Goodbody must have been a poor Northern girl, married young to the rich Southerner, her husband; in fact, there is so much evidence as to this, I may say I know it. Her letters from the North, and to it, few though they were, and emotion manifested at times at names of New England's cities, among them of that noble city which reciprocates glances with that monument that rises where one army of Englishmen defeated as brave an army of the same race, sufficed to assure me of the fact. She was thus brought, early in life, into Southern habits, and though never taking kindly to the South, still remained in it from habit, and because her sons and daughters were thorough Southerners, like their

father, and all were settled still further south than Afra. Mrs. Goodbody liked to hear Toussainte read to her, and allowed her to have any books in the house, gave her a pretty sleeping apartment near her own, and indulged an African fondness Toussainte had for flowers. In fact, had Toussainte not been a slave, her situation was a happy one. At the end of about one year and a half a Mr. M——, the husband of one of Mrs. Goodbody's daughters, who lived at a great distance from Afra, had occasion to pass through Afra on his return home, and, perhaps, like a good expectant son-in-law, addressed his wife by letter that he would stay a day or two with his mother-in-law, and then return home directly. On seeing Toussainte, and wondering at her intelligence, he, like a true Southerner, entertained a base idea, and expected an easy victory ; pursued Toussainte whenever Mrs. Goodbody was absent, knowing that a slave girl would never dare to say a word under the circumstances, offered money liberally, and on various pretences lengthened his stay to nearly a month, to the surprise, I suppose, of Mrs. M—— at home. Toussainte avoided him as far as possible under various pretences, keeping close to Mrs. Goodbody, till at last he left. At the end of about four months more, Mrs. M—— came alone on a visit to her mother, and, from the very first moment she saw Toussainte, entertained a harsh feeling towards her, rightly conjecturing she was the real cause of her husband's protracted absence. In fact, the more Mrs. M—— saw of Toussainte, the more she hated her. And here I may make what I believe to be a true remark. The nearer white and the more beautiful a slave woman is,

illustrated by the well-authenticated case of a Russian princess, who tortured her male and female slaves so horribly, that by the orders of the Emperor she was confined in a lunatic asylum for life.

It appears that the existence of slavery among a people for three or four generations introduces a leaven or virus, which renders the whole race idle, arrogant, haughty, overbearing, and exceedingly vindictive and cruel. It appears to generate a morbid love for bloody and cruel spectacles; as for instance, bull-fights among the Spaniards corrupted by slavery; the fights of gladiators, and those between wild beasts and men among the Romans, corrupted to the lowest depths by slavery; and also it appears to generate at first a callousness to suffering, then a monstrous, morbid love of causing and witnessing the same.

An incident was related to me as a matter of common notoriety by an English gentleman, at Augusta, in Georgia, as having recently happened in that State, which illustrates the preceding theory, and also shows how cruelly even *free coloured people* in the South are treated, and that they have very little protection for their lives. A white woman, of high position, suspected her husband of visiting a handsome, free coloured woman. She watched, and found, *in her own opinion*, it was beyond doubt as she had suspected. She went to a shop, purchased a heavy cow-hide (which is the name given to a riding whip made of raw cow-hide), took a revolver loaded, and ordered a strong slave woman to go with her to the coloured woman's house. Then entering, she

ordered the slave woman to bar the doors, and holding the revolver at the coloured woman, told her if she made the least noise or resistance she would shoot her dead instantly, as no doubt she would have done, and that without the slightest fear of ever being called to answer for it in any way ; probably have received an ovation from all the slave-owning married ladies in the town. Then, compelling the frightened wretch to submit to her orders in every way, she and the negro woman inflicted on her a most severe and heavy flogging, cutting her about most terribly. The gentleman showed me an account of this in a Southern journal, concluding with observations laudatory of the lady's spirit. Such a paragraph would not be surprising, when I have myself seen paragraphs in Southern papers gloating over the sufferings of burning negroes. One, I recollect well, contained the words, "the negro looked like a devil in hell," and the editor certainly, by his writing, appeared to think he had hit on a good joke.

Story of Toussainte continued.

After Mrs. M—— had stayed a month or so, it was arranged that Mrs. Goodbody, who wanted change, should go on a visit to a daughter who lived not far off, and Mrs. M——, no doubt with the deliberate intention of getting her mother out of the way, and being left alone in charge of Toussainte and the rest of the slaves, sent her mother off with a strong negro woman, an old slave in the family, as attendant, excusing herself from going with

her mother on various pretences; among others, that she had purchased stuff for dresses, &c., and wished to have them to wear before she visited her sister's friends, and wanted Toussainte (whose taste and skill in making dresses was great, to judge by those she herself wore, and all of which were of her own manufacture), to take part in making them.

No sooner was Mrs. Goodbody gone, than just as Sarai the wife of Abram "dealt hardly with Hagar," in the old time (Gen. xvi. 6), after her manner, so did Mrs. M——, in these latter days, deal hardly with Toussainte after hers, for slavery has produced the same fruits in all ages and among all nations. Every tree must bring forth fruit after its kind. Admirably did jealous Mrs. M—— play the wolf in the fable to poor Toussainte's lamb, set her an amount of work she knew could not be done, blamed the work she did, and when one morning, on receiving fresh, unjust reproaches, Toussainte let fall her work in despair, Mrs. M—— declared Toussainte was an impudent, double-faced eye-serving minx, did not want to put her forward with her dresses so that she might join her mother soon, would do nothing well since Mrs. Goodbody's eye was off her; that Toussainte was a hypocritical, proud, dressed-up young cat; she was afraid Toussainte would certainly turn out to be a young —, and doubted not she was so already. She Mrs. M—— had been set at nought and treated with contempt, and herself thereby insulted in her mother's house, and that by a conceited, stuck-up young negress, but this should not last longer; then she ordered Toussainte to take her work to her

own bedroom, and following after took out the key and locked the poor girl in.

Mrs. M—— knew that Mrs. Goodbody's slaves, few in number, were too free, and would place too many obstacles in her way by look, gesture, and even total disobedience, to assist her in flogging Toussainte, for to her mortification she had found they all loved Toussainte, while the gardener Jem, a very powerful, proud, and intelligent negro, though he could neither read nor write, who had shown himself unmanageable by force, and whose back was scored over in places a finger deep, would have taken any amount of punishment rather than hurt a hair of Toussainte's head.*

Mrs. M——, therefore, ordered the carriage, drove to the town, and went to the workhouse or prison, explained I suppose, as I think it evident she must, to the master, she wanted some strong man to be sent up to flog a very refractory young negress; but, as she was only hired, the wench must be flogged so that no permanent marks were left. The master, no doubt, replied he would send a subordinate thoroughly up to the business, with such instruments as would punish the girl severely without leaving lasting marks. I think there can be little doubt Mrs. M—— in her then frame of mind paid the master well for his subordinate's services, and promised to pay the subordinate well to

* It is no uncommon thing to see a negro with his back so scored, that the dents left are at least a little finger deep. I myself saw three in this condition stripped at auction sales; and it is well known that many of the negroes who come within the northern lines are so scored.

ensure complaisance and attention. It was arranged the man was to come in the afternoon.*

The man was punctual to his time, Mrs. M—— went with him into Toussainte's bedroom, and by the presence of a powerful man base enough to be a hired habitual torturer was desecrated that sleeping apartment, which for nearly three years had been that special innermost temple, in which the soul of the orphan slave girl had thought, reasoned, felt, and worshipped, amid bondage the God of Liberty. With brazen front, defying the anger of the Eternal God, it had been determined, without the least cause, to desecrate poor Toussainte's little home of many a beautiful prayer, her flowers, her books, the order, neatness, cleanliness, and elegance of arrangement I am sure were there, her orphan's virgin thoughts, nay! to tear her heart and body with a devil's claws, and crush her soul beneath an iron red-hot hoof, and thence expel its womanhood, its virgin shame, its woman's pride. Mrs. M—— must, perhaps, have gone into details with the master of the workhouse, for the man produced cords from his pockets, and Toussainte was made to lie upon the bed, and fastened to the framework by the hands and feet. Then commenced, at Mrs. M——'s wish, a slow torture; then came shrieks and

* Being myself one day in Charleston workhouse, about which I shall have to speak hereafter, I had an example of the complaisance and politeness with which such wretches receive orders to inflict exquisite torture. Two Southerners brought a young coloured man with them, and told the master they had brought him to be flogged. The master bowed to his customers with subserviency and respect. In point of fact, there is not one of those wretches but what would flog the most beautiful and noble lady in England for five dollars if she were sent to them as a Southern slave.

screams, powerless writhings, with sobs and tears, and useless prayers and supplications for mercy, such as should never be addressed from one woman to another—never indeed, I think, to God. The horrid scene lasted long, till the unfortunate girl was covered with such marks as should not be permanent from the shoulders to the feet, and the experienced torturer apparently knew the victim could bear no more with safety for she was in a fainting state. Toussainte was unbound, the torturer went his way, and Mrs. M——, with extreme benevolence, sent one of the slave women to see Toussainte, no doubt adding some such words as “she had been obliged to have her punished for her extreme pride and impudence.”

Here I shall again break off my interlocutor’s narration, and leave poor Toussainte, in great pain of body, almost intolerable agony of soul, for awhile, to the care of the negress, who tended her as a mother; and I wish it to be most distinctly understood, that, in every case, except that of Toussainte, I am speaking for myself, and of what came under my own personal observation.

Observations and accounts by myself, in illustration of the gentleman’s story; and I desire it to be distinctly understood I hold myself responsible for the truth of every observation on, and every illustration of, the truth of the story, though not for the truth of the story itself.

SET No. 3.

I will now relate an episode of my own journeyings, which occurred on the Mississippi. I took a steamer up the Mississippi from Donaldsonville to the town of A——,

and saw in the bar-room of the steamer a remarkable looking man, whom I will call Z——, who was attached to the steamer. He was short, but with a frame and make that showed great strength. Smallish dark eyes, seemed by their motion to have been so long used in looking out for, at, and into everything, they had acquired the habit of doing so of themselves. They were a pair of eager, acute, inquisitive, penetrating, and watchful orbs. The firm lines of his face and forehead, his largish head, bull neck, and the *tout ensemble* of his countenance, indicated firmness, hardihood, vigour, courage, and audacity. His features, like his limbs and body, were massive, but wanting length. The whole *physique* was, however, in perfect harmony with itself. Watchfulness almost restless, self-reliance, determination, and resolution to struggle and fight to the last, if need were, seemed to be written on his physiognomy. Yet this singular exterior was lit up, at the same time, by an expression which made its owner, who was however getting on in life, appear far younger than he was, and even rudely handsome. That expression, which I partly divined at the time, I found afterwards was the indication of frankness, nobleness, even tenderness, joined to a love for adventure; above all, a wild love of justice and freedom. There was something about him that said "You may trust me with safety." The man superintended a department of the service of the boat, and the nature of the department rendered him easily accessible. I entered into conversation, and it very soon appeared we entertained a perfect identity of feeling on the subject of slavery. In Z—— a strong sense of honesty, wild love

of freedom and adventure, had risen above material interests and danger. Z—— could only read and write indifferently well, and do useful arithmetic. Beyond that his education had not gone, except that he spoke both French and English. He told me his father was an Englishman, the captain of a smuggling vessel; his mother, the daughter of a French smuggler. He was brought up in an atmosphere of smuggling, and taken by his father as early as possible into his business. It was quite clear Z——'s hereditary tendencies from both parents had made him not only a most able practitioner of the art, but that he was in theory a profound admirer of smuggling, and few things would have offended him more than saying smuggling was a crime. I entertained, in common with Z——, a strong love of liberty, and certainly, at that time of my life, did not think smuggling wrong; so I spoke enthusiastically in favour of smuggling as an institution, and brought forward some arguments, which it is difficult to answer, in order to show that smuggling is an honourable profession, and a smuggler a benefactor to mankind. I rose, accordingly, exceedingly high in Z——'s estimation and confidence; his experienced penetration had told him, when I spoke of liberty and its adjuncts, against slavery and its adjuncts, I was in thorough earnest. Z—— was from fifty to sixty, but his enthusiastic nature and love of liberty had kept his soul as young as that of a lad. I found Z——, when young, had been in Sandwich Gaol, at a time when, from the mayor downwards, the population of that place, and many in the surrounding country, gained part of their incomes by smuggling. Z——'s

father had been a great benefactor to the town ; Z—— also, as far as his age had permitted ; so I suppose the officials of the prison thought that, in common decency, on the reception of a reasonable ransom, they could not do otherwise than let him escape. Shortly after, finding business getting less and less satisfactory in the Old World, Z—— transferred the scene of his operations to the New ; had managed to become owner of one large steamer, two-thirds of another, a schooner, and sundry other property on land. I ascertained from the officers of the boat he was very rich, but a quiet, stationary life was not to his taste, and the man could not well live without smuggling, so he was going up and down the Mississippi, occupying himself in running slaves off North, which he justly considered the highest and most philanthropic branch of his profession, against which the most religious and moral could raise no cavil. Z——, no doubt, had made money by running off slaves to a great extent, both in ocean-ships and Mississippi steamers, and in other ways, for he told me amusing anecdotes of the artifices he had employed. He said that on no single occasion had a negro, after he had been run off, failed duly to pay the consideration-money as soon as ever he got it, and some who had got on well had made him presents besides. Though he made negroes who hired themselves out of their masters—that is to say, who are allowed to go about and do what they can to gain a living within a certain district, provided they bring their masters so much a month, and who, therefore, have a good chance of getting money pay beforehand, at least in part, and though he made all other male

slaves sign a bond to pay his agent so much money, yet he would run off female slaves, leaving it to them to make him what present they pleased afterwards, and if he found that any female slave was ill-treated by master or mistress he would exercise immense perseverance and ingenuity, run strange risks to run her off, and in doing so was his pride, his pleasure, his fun, his amusement, and an exercise of his hatred for the tyrants of the "peculiar Institution." I thought his chivalry contrasted very favourably with the self-styled chivalry of the South.

I did not let Z—— know I had seen as much as I had of slavery, because I knew, from the time he had been in the South, a man of his sort must know all about slavery, so I wanted him to tell me all he knew. I spoke only as to abstract principles, and let him assume my ignorance of facts and details. I knew he would be communicative, for the man was of the John Brown type. He desired to confirm my abstract opinions by facts and statements, was in his rude way an apostle of social freedom, and wanted to confirm a proselyte. He took the first opportunities to lay slavery bare before me in its all horrors. He spoke of men, American citizens severed only by colour, which his honest straightforward intelligence did not consider a sufficient boundary of separation, being burned to death for offences which, in a civilized community, are only punished by imprisonment; of others being burned to death for the assertion of the right to their own labour; of men marked on the face with letters written with red-hot iron, to insure identification and recapture; of men whose teeth

had been punched out for the same reason; of the red-hot iron hissing into shrinking human flesh of man and woman; of men and women tortured *on system* to death by the lash, *as a necessary resource for frightening others, and for the support of a system so alien to the nature of man as implanted by God, as to render even this monstrosity a necessity to give it cohesion and continuance.*

What special tales he told of his particular experiences I have not space to tell, but they confirmed and went beyond all this letter contains. As he spoke word after word, gesture after gesture, expression after expression, glance after glance, showed me that the South held within itself a determined and active foe. At last he said:—"But you shall to-night see for yourself with your own eyes. There is on board this vessel a Southern woman who is a fiend, who delights in torturing another woman who is her slave." Then he indicated by description one of the women passengers. She was young, had not been above a year married to an insignificant looking man, much her senior, who was with her; small, of good figure, sumptuously dressed, she would have been pretty and engaging but that her face and movements showed extreme Southern pride, for which the society in which she had been bred was responsible,—a pride into which she had no doubt been led by others, especially by Southern priests. I must admit I do not know whether I observed the unpleasant expression of pride connected with cruelty, before I had heard of her conduct, it might have been after, yet it certainly existed.

Cruelty, however, having fatally germed in a nature blasted by the horrible hereditary taint the continued cruelties of slavery evolve, had, it appeared, developed itself into the most horrible of all human lusts, passions, or possessions, the desire in one man to torture another man, the desire in one woman to torture another woman and contemplate their agonies. Z—— told me that an unfortunate slave woman had come on board with this woman and her husband at New Orleans, and had been kept during the whole of the time she had been on board, except when she went to dress her mistress, in the slave prison, which is to be found on board of every Mississippi steamer. Z—— told me he had talked to the woman, and she had told him of the unnecessary reiterated cruelties to which she was subjected; had begged of him to help her to escape if he could, and shown him the marks of the punishments she had received. Z—— said he would run the woman off if he possibly could. I asked if I could do anything. He replied, I could, but first, said he, I will take you tonight into the slave prison * after the people have gone to bed, and you shall hear the woman's story from herself. It was quite clear that Z—— could do whatever he liked on board the steamer. All the Mississippi boats used then to do more or less in running off negroes North. I believe the officers all understood one another. Sometimes the house slave, acting on Moses's principle, borrowed a little jewellery in part payment of work done, and so paid the passage and liberation. Z——

* It was, I think, called slave cabin; but it is now eight years ago. It was the regular place for slave passengers.

seeing me in a rough dress, with my carpet bag and gun only, had kindly offered to get me a situation, to which I had replied, I was very far from wanting anything of the kind, and explained things to him. Z——, therefore, conscious it was no use offering me money to help him to run off this woman, determined my co-operation should be secured by my sympathies, and was far too sensible a man not to know how much certainty is immeasurably superior to semi-certainty in influencing a man's actions. But Z——'s desire to make me a firm proselyte to abolition must have been the principal motive which induced him to ask me to come with him at night to see the slave woman and hear her story, for what he asked me to do was very little, and he must have been able to do well without me. He said the place would be locked up, but that he had a way of getting in. I told him I would go as I desired to see what slavery really was. This took place before dinner; he said we could not go till night. I saw the woman tyrant referred to sitting at the same table with me at dinner, and made a physiognomical investigation. I passed the evening in reminiscences and reflections, mixed with occasional brief maledictions of slavery and all who favoured it, watching the monotonous banks of the Mississippi, with their cotton trees, the snags in the father of rivers, and the splendidly deep alluvial soil of the banks, constantly being eaten away by the current as it undermines fresh trees to become fresh snags, and chattering with the passengers in the desire, I hope laudable, of increasing my knowledge of the New World. At about eleven I went to Z——, and passed the time

with him in conversation till such time as he deemed it expedient to visit the slave prison. Between twelve and one o'clock, Z—— said "We will go now." Along the narrow strip of deck which runs outside the saloon cabin and berths we went aft. Arrived there, Z—— drew a hatchet from beneath his coat, and inserting the blade in a crevice raised a trap-door ; told me there was a ladder for me to descend, and he would come after and close the door. I went down. Z—— closed the door. I heard him descend in complete darkness. He struck a light, and lighted a small lantern. I found myself in a small place, like a police cell, with sleeping bench the door of which my guide unlocked, and we were in a larger apartment, surrounded with similar cells to that I had come from. All the Mississippi boats have their slave cabins or prisons ; they lie aft, are on the lower deck with the cargo, and are kept locked, so that all communication between them and the rest of the boat is cut off. Z—— went to one of the cells, opened the door, awoke a young slave woman who was sleeping on the bench ; she seemed surprised at first, but at once recognized my guide. I saw that a mutual confidence existed between them. It is a strange fact, most creditable to the race, that no tortures can ever induce a slave to betray any one who is trying to help him to freedom. Z—— told the young woman, who, though brown, had a pleasant, intelligent, I think I may say a pretty, face, certainly a fine form, that I was a friend willing to help if only I was convinced of her miserable condition ; all then went into the cell and the door was closed. She wished to enlist my sympathies,

and it may be satisfactory to know I did the very little Z—— asked me afterwards to do in the matter. Z——, who had set his heart on the business, accomplished the rest with his usual success. To urge me by all the means at her disposal to help her from the torturer's claws, the poor creature with sobs and tears,—for tears rolled down, and her whole frame shook with sobs, so help me God—told the horrid tale of her sufferings. I have the most perfect recollection of the same. She said that no week passed, scarcely the half of one, but what she was whipped by her mistress ; that even when travelling her mistress packed up some instrument of torture in her boxes, and carried it with her ; that she flogged her without the least occasion, as she always did everything she was told ; that she was made to take all sorts of positions, was flogged in all sorts of ways and everywhere. Then letting fall her night-dress, she showed marks of recent flogging on her shoulders, back, and breast, and replaced it.* At Z——'s wish (who never did things by halves) she raised her night-dress, and exhibited marks of severe punishment on her thighs. The marks were crossed, some at right angles, and it was clear, as I thought, they had been inflicted with wicked science, from a love of torture. The poor girl's tears rolled down all the time, heavy as thunder drops. I told her I would stop at the town her master and mistress were going to stop at, follow them to their hotel, and in the meantime

* It must be remembered that, doubtless, this slave girl had been made to expose herself often, to be shown for sale, or whipped.

confer with Z——. Z—— and I, after blowing out the light, mounted the ladder, and through the trap-door regained the deck ; the suffering slave, beautiful as she was in form, pretty, I think I may say, certainly in face, with affections doubtless as developed as usual, with all the intelligence to constitute a woman, and an American citizen, went to her hard bench in that hot, close, unairy den to await her next torture. On regaining the deck Z—— said, "Are there not fiend women who torture other women for the pleasure of torturing them ?" I did not like the question ; I had always looked on women as the embodiment of generous affection. I felt somewhat like the Hindoo religionist, who saw his vegetarian theory of religious duty, "not to eat any living thing whatever," destroyed by the microscope, and would have trampled on slavery just as he did on the microscope if I had had the power.

I was forced, in the face of uncontrovertible evidence, to reply, that the true words "Slavery denaturalizes woman and changes her to a fiend," are either the death-knell to slavery, or the death-knell of humanity. I hold myself responsible for the truth of everything I have stated respecting Z—— and this episode of my travels. The fruits that slavery produces are the same in all countries and all times.

The following quotations from Dryden's translation of the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, show that the women of ancient Rome had been reduced to precisely the same state to which the Southern women are being reduced. See, ladies, how Juvenal paints a type, or example,

of Roman women (I cannot call them ladies) of his day :—

“ She hires tormentors by the year ; she treats
 Her visitors and talks ; but still she beats,
 Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
 Casts up the day's accounts, and still beats on.”

“ Compared with such a proud insulting dame,
 Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.”

“ Psecas the chief, with breasts and shoulders bare,
 Trembling considers every sacred hair ;
 If any straggler from its rank be found,
 A pinch must for the mortal sin compound.”

And it is a singular fact that Juvenal makes the type of Roman women in his day, thoroughly debased by slavery, a *pigmy*, that is the word Dryden uses in his translation ; and that it is perfectly evident the Southern women are of *pigmy* order, with miserable constitutions, and fade very early in life.

Story of Toussainte continued.

To return to Toussainte. Her owner was told by Jem the gardener of the sad state she was in. He immediately came and took her away in a carriage, vowing to have full recompense if his chattel had been injured. Mrs. Goodbody, on being informed of the matter of a man being introduced into her house, took it so much to heart it made her ill.

She returned home directly. In her the free spirit of the North, of her youth long repressed by her love for her husband, her children, and her connection with the South,

rose for the time high above all other considerations. The amiable old lady had gone back to the days of her puritan youth. Freely and fully in her anger and scorn did she give to the gale the noble folds of the white flag of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, or some other New England flag. When she found Mrs. M——, with all a determined old lady's eloquence, she appears, in presence of her negroes, to have attacked the slave system in a way that would have contented John Brown himself. She was eloquent on the disgrace her daughter had brought upon her, and sent Mrs. M—— home at once with no better consolations than the certainty that her husband had prolonged his stay in order, if possible, to seduce Toussainte, had been uniformly avoided by the poor girl, and a blow on the cheek, a feeble one, no doubt, yet, perhaps, it fell like red-hot iron on the proud denaturalized Southern heart of her daughter, at a moment of well-merited humiliation.

Mrs. Goodbody never could bear to hear Toussainte's name, though she tried to buy her, to set her free; but Mr. Chivalry, fully aware the old lady would not give what he could easily get, where a man who has fifty negroes can earn without working 20,000*l.* a year, and having, moreover, decided on what he had long meditated, as he saw Toussainte from time to time—namely, keeping her for himself, with a delicacy hardly to be expected, quieted the old lady's conscience by telling her he would not sell Toussainte to any one at any price. It was on account of the pain any reference to her gave Mrs. Goodbody that Toussainte, in her after sufferings, never would apply to that lady for help. Mr. Chivalry

had become rich; avarice was one of his prominent qualities: wealth is everything in the corrupt South. He would probably never have thought of giving as much for Toussainte as he could get for her; yet, as she was his, he determined to make her his housekeeper and mistress, and, having bowed so long at the shrine of gold, to worship a little at the shrine of pleasure. Mr. Chivalry was a coarse, common man; his trade was the least respectable, even in the South; he had become wealthy by exploring the least respectable branch of the least respectable profession. From his low original position he had carried with him habits of chewing tobacco, &c., &c., which he indulged in to precisely that extent which would not disqualify him for business.

Toussainte was worthy of a different fate than that of being violated by, and made the mistress of, this man; yet so Mr. Chivalry and his accompanying chivalry had decided it was to be. Of course, Toussainte did every thing she could to avert a calamity only less awful than being tortured to death. Mr. Chivalry saw her reluctance, and that his presents availed him nothing. He therefore sent her to a slave barracks of his, some miles off, in a completely lonely place. Toussainte told me at this time Mr. Chivalry had on hand two or three restive young females, one with blue eyes and light hair, consequently whiter than herself, to break in for Southern gentlemen—that being part of the fancy slave trader's profession, as the chivalry don't like the degradation of letting it be known too openly at home they are refused by slaves. He caused Toussainte to be witness of the tortures of those unfortunates, stripped and bound on

benches made for the purpose of torture, such benches as are to be found in any negro dealer's den—things ordinarily known and common. Toussainte told me she had to nurse one of these girls for two months, the flogging made her so ill. I am happy to say Toussainte herself, fresh from Mrs. M——'s torture and humiliation, driven almost to fainting by the spectacle alone, declined to be tortured to death, and assented to the terrible alternative.



Observations and accounts by myself, in illustration of the gentleman's story; and I desire it to be distinctly understood I hold myself responsible for the truth of every observation on, and every illustration of, the truth of the story, though not for the truth of the story itself.

SET No. 4.

Thousands of slave girls have done the same. Can anyone blame them? Yet to give a feeble idea of what Toussainte had then to endure, (and bitterer pangs many other slave girls have had to endure, for Toussainte was not then in love with anyone, whereas others have been,) I will quote from the speech of the great Lord Erskine, in his defence of the Hon. Mr. Bingham, in an action brought against him by Bernard Edward Howard, Esq., afterwards Duke of Norfolk, for adultery with his wife:—

"Alas, gentlemen! you must now prepare to see in the room of this a scene of horror and of sorrow; you must prepare to see a noble lady whose birth surely required no further illustration; who had been courted

to marriage before she had ever heard even her husband's name, and whose affections were irretrievably bestowed upon, and pledged to, my honourable and unfortunate client; you must behold her given up to the plaintiff by the infatuation of parents, and stretched upon this bridal bed as upon a rack, torn from the arms of a beloved and impassioned youth, himself of noble birth, only to secure the honours of a higher title—a legal victim on the altar of heraldry!

"Gentlemen, this is no high colouring for the purposes of a cause; no words of an advocate can go beyond the plain, unadorned effect of the evidence. I will prove to you that when she prepared to retire to her chamber she threw her desponding arms around the neck of her confidential attendant, and wept upon her as a criminal preparing for execution. I will prove to you that she met her bridegroom with sighs and tears; the sighs and tears of afflicted love for Mr. Bingham, and of rooted aversion to her husband.

"Gentlemen, this was not the sudden burst of youthful disappointment, but the fixed and settled habit of a mind deserving of a happier fate. I shall prove that she frequently spent her nights upon a couch in her own apartments, dissolved in tears; that she frequently declared to her woman that she would rather go to Newgate than to Mr. Howard's bed; and it will appear by his own confession, that for months subsequent to the marriage she obstinately refused him the privileges of a husband."

Yet Mr. Howard was no doubt a gentleman, and no doubt many ladies might have loved him; but I leave

without comment, what a sensitive woman suffers from being obliged to submit to such a brute as Mr. Chivalry—a wretch who had not the decency to abstain from filling his beastly mouth with tobacco, and let his breath remain still scented with spirits.

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Story of Toussainte continued.

Time went on, months of horrors and of loathing passed. Among Mr. Chivalry's acquaintance was one George B——, a young man, who came on any pretence, and in Mr. Chivalry's absence without pretence, and would watch to meet Toussainte in the street. He was well known—in fact, he was a marked and eminent man in his line, and a very first-rate specimen of a Southern rowdie (or ruffian) and gambler. The chief redeeming qualities he possessed were a recklessness and audacity which were equivalent to courage, and a rude notion of honour he had acquired in the course of his gambling career. No doubt he was good-natured, had many good natural qualities, with a fair intelligence, but the Southern system had spoiled him. Toussainte knew the qualities of the man, was conscious of the power she had over that venturesome and impetuous nature. She determined to use it. She made terms with him. He agreed to run her off to a large Southern seaport town, and when she had got together sufficient money buy her for herself. Yet was not this done till after Mr. Southern Chivalry's jealousy and anger had been aroused. He imprisoned her in one of the dark rooms or dungeons which exist in negro dealer's dens; she had to take the

place of the unfortunates whose sufferings she had witnessed on the punishment bench, and was flogged a second time, though not nearly so severely as before ; for Mr. Southern Chivalry held the opposite doctrine to the permanent disfiguration of fancy property ; to do him justice, was very fond of Toussainte, in fact, as far perhaps as the system in which he had lived, and his education, had permitted love to germinate, loved her , and appears to have meant the infliction to be at least as much a warning of what was to be expected in future as a punishment for the past. And now we come to over half a year of seclusion, degradation, and shame. George B——, with his usual audacity, then took occasion to speak to Mr. Chivalry of his wish to buy Toussainte, that is to say, to buy the chance of recovering her, putting it in the light of one of his gambling transactions. Mr. Chivalry, knowing that no one would think Toussainte anything else than a beautiful white lady, had come to the conclusion she had escaped North, and he sold her, at a very low price indeed, to George B—— ; George B—— acting honourably, sold her to herself immediately. She took all proper precautions and became free. Yet, then was she destined to another outrage. Finding George B—— got worse and worse, and that a tendency to drinking developed itself in him more and more, that he was wholly unable to support her, in fact looked to her to support him, she determined to leave him. But before this could be effected, in a gambling-room, from which she went to fetch him, excited with drink and jealousy, and the dawning certainty she meant to leave him, he drew his revolver

and fired three shots at her in rapid succession as she ran in terror and crouched about the room. One ball wounded her slightly in the shoulder, all three struck her dress. The men in the room seized his pistol, and he was obliged, by the indignation his conduct had raised and the fear of the law, to fly the State. Toussainte was delivered from him, and for ever. The spectacle of an unarmed woman running about in terror, while a man is firing bullets at her, must certainly be included among the phenomena of slavery. Of course the fright rendered Toussainte ill, and it was the great kindness of Mr. Estis's friend to her during this time, and the necessity of repose, which an extremely sensitive nature must feel after such calamities, that induced her to be living with him as stated.

End of Toussainte's story.

The remaining illustrations of slave life occurred under my own eye; and I am, therefore, responsible for the truth of them.

On the banks of the Mississippi I have seen a strong intelligent slave man with whom I had been conversing, an able cooper, who had worked from five o'clock in the morning, point out to me, at noon, the miserable mess of offal rice, and the rank bacon or junk (I know not the name of it) he got in discharge for labour without wages. I saw him lay it aside with unconquerable aversion, and mounting on his bench, seek during the dinner hour refuge in sleep and nourishment from that alone.

On the banks of the Bayon, while going his rounds

with an overseer, an American, a rather kindish man, whose acquaintance I had made, I saw in the miserable den used as a hospital on the plantation, a very intelligent-looking, fine-made coloured girl lying on a broad bench for a bed. She was convalescent from a bad fever, and hard she begged of my companion for a few days' longer respite from labour, to recover her strength. When I thought of the worse than hideous blank that unfortunate girl's life was by Southern villains destined to be, as far as in their power lay, my heart felt colder and chillier than on any other occasion whatsoever in all those Southern States—I know not why—though the girl's expression, as she lay there and begged, was touching in the extreme. The overseer was willing to grant all he dared. I asked if he worked that girl with the gang the same as the others. He replied, "Yes, that is the worst of it ; we cannot make any difference between one and the other. I wish we could." He seemed sorry about it. The man, who certainly appeared to have a kind heart, evidently thought a difference, at least, ought to be made between the rougher and more delicate slaves, but the "bosses" (the Southern slang for masters) would not allow it. I knew this evil, *apparent to the overseer*, was but a minor concomitant of a system altogether monstrous, and he knew so too.

He went on to tell me that slaves were flogged to death on system, as the only possible means of inspiring sufficient fear to keep the others in their misery. He pointed out one woman in the gang who was, he said, one of the stubbornest, and the most obstinate he had

known. He told me he had three times "whaled" her with the cow-hide, but she would always have the last word, and never yield; and that he had only succeeded in conquering her by knocking her down with his fist, and seemed to wonder why that method was effectual. He said in reply to a question from me that, on the average, two or three of the slaves on that plantation were flogged a day; they numbered about fifty—which I could not help thinking brought each one's turn round very often.

At New Orleans, an Irish waiter, at the St. Charles Hotel, showed me the premises of a negro dealer, who he said was very cruel, and both he and his fellows assured me, that screams, faint but distinctly audible, were heard by them at night from under-ground. When I went there, I saw some 30 women sitting on benches for sale; one was a sweet girl, who wanted me to buy her; anything to escape from that infernal den. That I did not do so is one of my severe reminiscences of the South.

I will now describe what I saw in Charleston Workhouse:—Charleston Workhouse presents more the appearance of a prison. I took it for one, and knocked at the door, stating I was a traveller, and would like to look over the prison. The master said it was the workhouse; but, with great politeness, after a few observations had passed, offered to show me over it.

The great door is, it I recollect rightly, composed of two half-doors. It is studded on the outside with square-headed nails, with an iron ring for a handle

arched, and presents a sufficiently sombre aspect, no doubt, to any unfortunate man or woman who knows he or she is to enter there to be tortured. A flight of wide stone steps, the whole breadth of the hall, faces the door ; and on mounting these steps, and crossing a large landing, one finds the door of the punishment chamber. This is a large lofty room, the windows looking into an inclosed court-yard. Around the walls on shelves, some of them resembling those into which cues are put in billiard-rooms, were cow-hides of all lengths and sizes, from six feet downwards ; then there were common riding-whips, rods, and two or three leather thongs, of the size of the traces of ordinary carriage harness, and bad holes made in them ; in fact, if any one were to cut off about three to four feet of the trace of a coach, and pierce it with very large buckle-holes, that would be exactly what these instruments of torture were. I thought these latter very heavy instruments of punishment, and am bound to say the master told me they were very seldom used. Then there was a very large assortment of things called "paddles." These are like miniature paddles, or battledoors with long handles. Some of the heads of these were pierced with holes to cause greater pain ; they were of very different sizes and weights. Of course, this very great variety of size in the different classes of instruments was in order to apportion the instrument to the fineness of the unfortunate sufferer's flesh, and its capacity of holding together. There were as well a sort of thin laths to take the place of paddles in punishing the more delicate sufferers. The object in

using the paddle in preference to the other instruments of torture is, that they do not readily cut the flesh so as to leave permanent marks. In the middle of the room was a square board, about two inches thick, exactly resembling those which form the bottom of a large wholesale dealer's scales. This scale board was fastened from its middle to the floor, and through it came four pairs of thin ropes about three feet long. Two pairs were for the purpose of tying each foot of the sufferer fast by the ankles to the board, so there were two pairs for each foot. Above this board was a powerful pulley, sustaining an apparatus into which the hands of the victim were placed. Then the rope of the pulley being pulled tight, and fastened to some handles on the wall, such as one sees on board ship to fasten ropes to, the unfortunate creature was in that way extended upright for suffering. Next, we went round the cells into which one could see without opening them, as they resemble in kind the fronts of the lions' or tigers' dens in the Zoological Gardens. In one cell, lying on the ground, was an interesting looking young woman, evidently unwell and miserable, which the master informed me was the result of her having been recently severely paddled, and she would stay there till she got well. In another cell was a very fine tall young woman, who had been sent in because she had said "her master was a bad man." The master said the overseer of the plantation was coming in a day or two to see her whipped; they were giving her time to reflect on what and when she had to suffer. From the cells we went into the courtyard, and there I saw the treadmill, with some eight or

ten slaves upon it. It was not going fast, I thought, unless one considered the very high temperature. It was capable of being arranged so as to go fast or slow. On returning to the entrance-hall the master offered me a little brandy and water, and we sat down in two arm-chairs. As he had been very polite, and shown and explained everything to me, and had never been far from home, and wished to ask questions about England and Europe, and generally to have a talk, I could not in politeness do otherwise than chat with him; besides, I wished to hear as much as I could. While chatting, two men, well dressed, and, I doubt not, calling themselves gentlemen, brought in a young negro man, and told the master he was to be flogged at once. The master rang a bell, and immediately ordered two of his subordinates to tie the slave up. The poor fellow was to be flogged for playing at cards with another negro, as if reckless gambling were not among the minor vices of the South, and a good example had been set him. He begged very hard in the hall to be let off that time, but pity was not found. The two attendants, the master and the slave, and the two well-dressed men, went together into the punishment-room. I remained sitting in my arm-chair; but I felt my heart going quick and feeble, and could then readily imagine soldiers fainting in the ranks on witnessing military punishment. First there came, through the closed door, the dull sound of a slapping blow, and I knew the man was being beaten with a paddle—then a shriek—then a voice, saying, if he made a noise, he should have twice as much—then, mixed with sounds of heavy slaps, came sobs, and

moans, and piteous supplications for mercy. I believe the man received nineteen blows. I know I counted them as well as I could. I saw the poor fellow as he came out. In his eager and frightened desire to quit that little Southern hell, he had not taken time to completely arrange his dress, and seemed to be too weak from pain to do so. I saw come from the room one of the attendants, a coloured man, whom I judged was himself a slave, for I knew, from the strange expression of his countenance, he was a most unwilling helper; in fact, there was disgust and vengeance in his face. This man bore in his hand a large coarse cloth, wet with water but largely stained with the blood it had been used to wipe up; and I then recollect having seen two pails of water in the corner of the punishment-room, but supposing them put there for ordinary scrubbing purposes, paid no attention to them. Of course, I now concluded they were kept there to wash up the blood directly. The master, when the others had gone, and he had reseated himself in his arm-chair, told me this man was to receive, I think, thirty-nine blows, but bled more than most. The master told me this young man was flogged by order of his mistress; and said how difficult it was to keep slaves from stealing things and selling them to the marine-store dealers, to buy tobacco, &c. I suggested whether a small amount of wages might not effect this. I think I must have looked unwell, for the master asked me if I did not think him very cruel. I replied, I did not suppose him a man who took pleasure in the sufferings he superintended. He said it was very painful to him to have to do it for his living; it was from

necessity he did it. On this, seeing he was a kindly man, I ventured to say I thought it must be very bad or the female slaves to be flogged ; and he said he was convinced that, as a rule, they suffered more than the male, but the punishment was very cruel for all, and the pain very great.

I knew before, from the testimony of several authors who had travelled South, that in the Southern States females were sent to workhouses to be flogged just as brutally, and with just as little regard to decency, as the males. I knew the same, also, as a notorious fact known to all who live any length of time in the South ; but after seeing the punishment-room, the machine for tying up, the instrument of torture myself, and learning, as I did, from the master, that females were flogged just the same as the males, and in exactly the same indelicate manner, there remained no longer a shadow of doubt on the subject.

For the truth, and nothing but the truth, of all I have just written of what I saw and heard in Charleston Workhouse, I can vouch ; every circumstance connected with it is, though eight years ago, as distinctly in my mind as if it were yesterday, and I hold myself bound by the same responsibility as if I had taken a solemn oath. And as I purpose giving no further accounts of what I heard and saw myself in that Southern hell, which so far took from my mind all prejudice as to colour, that it rendered the colour of the devil himself a complete uncertainty to me, I will now say that in writing I have, as I believe, discharged a duty, certainly a painful task. I believe I have done

my duty, and that I have performed it in truth and honour. I have suppressed many habitual revolting expressions common in the South too vile for publication. I have suppressed the record of more revolting barbarous deeds than any I have named. *I am prepared, on the most solemn oath, to swear I believe that Southern slaveholders, as a body, have no cause, or reason, or right to complain of one word I have written in this Letter.* On the contrary, I have spared them, because I could not do otherwise. The infamy of some Southern acts and expressions has protected them from my pen.

And now, Ladies ! Women of free England ! it is for you to consider how far religion, morality, virtue, decency, delicacy, sisterly affection, and that highest quality with which the Supreme Being has seen fit so highly to endow you—*Love—alike ask you to exclude from your drawing-rooms, your parlours, your dining-rooms, and your conversation, men fresh from being the moving motive agents in the system I have exhibited.* Nor must you forget, in the exercise of your unquestionable power, that there are among you base men whom the corruption of gold has spoiled, who, flagrant with avaricious inhumanity, have consented to sink themselves below the Southerners by becoming their jackals ; men who, in the intense selfishness of practical Atheism, act as if there were a body without a soul, an earth without a heaven, and a universe without a God. I think strangely indelicate ideas must, when in European society, pass through the minds of men born and bred amidst such a system. When sitting in the drawing-room of some beautiful cultivated lady, some

of them may be thinking how much they would like to have the chance of seeing her, and bidding for her, at a Southern auction sale, and what her exact commercial value would be found to be in dollars. Women of England ! You have, perhaps, more power than you or I imagine. On the carpets of your drawing-rooms, your dining-rooms, and parlours, you may win liberty for millions ; you may prevent extremely numerous reiterated psychical and physical sufferings ; you may, by a determined action in that course your purity directs, save the threatened morality of the world. I do most firmly believe it is in your power to stop slavery, not only in the Southern States, but everywhere. In Cuba, in Brazil, in all places, the system is the same.

I may say that if my statements are traversed by critics, possibly in Southern pay, I will go to America, and from my friends, and by all and any means, collect the most positive reliable documents and evidence, and by collecting and publishing them show to any one that loves fair play *that I am in the right—that I am the witness of truth.*

I will now insert two extracts from the Dedication of my Treatises on War, to my late friend General Sir William P. Napier, K.C.B., &c., &c., and this will show what I thought of slavery in 1855, when fresh from the spectacle of its horrors :—

"Then, indeed, I comprehended that the statistical statement, that the average life of a slave on a Southern plantation, after being put on full work, does not exceed seven years, was indeed the expression of a fact. Experience demonstrates the argument, 'That the

master of a slave will treat his slave well, because he is his property,' to be untrue. Omnibus, cab, and other horses, though the properties of their masters, are very much abused, and their lives very much shortened in consequence, and that from motives of actual profit and expediency."*

"To any remonstrance, Southerners, *and their vile scribes in all countries*, are very fond of saying that 'the Northerners and British have white slaves at home.' This is by no means true, for neither of the following *ordinary incidents of slave life* ever present themselves in the North, or on British soil:—

- "1. Man, on the transparently false pretence of the rights of property, robbed of what has ever been considered the most sacred of the rights of property—the right of a man to his own labour.
- "2. Women in defiance of the closest, dearest, natural relationship, robbed of their children.
- "3. Men robbed of their wives in defiance of a primary edict of the Creator, the result of an exigency of man's nature. It is *not* good that the man should be alone. I will make him a helpmeet for him.
- "4. Man tortured to death under the sanction of public law and the *Constitution of the United States*, in contempt of the sixth article of God's Decalogue, to wring from

* Before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, great cruelties by owners frequently occurred.

him his last most sacred property—*his own labour.*

“ 5. Women under the alternative of the systematically inflicted, reiterated torture of the lash, sometimes to death, robbed of the most sacred of the rights of women—the right of a woman to her sacred honour.

“ Yet the South styles itself, *par excellence*, the chivalrous and democratic South.

“ O most stainless chivalry! O most virtuous democracy!

“ This being so, I, sir, would gladly know whether Southerners, their friends in the North, *and base hireling scribes everywhere*, think themselves far above the moral standard of the common robber, or common murderer, or of the base wretch who, seized by a comparatively instantaneous, perhaps almost ungovernable, impulse of his ill-regulated mind, mars by one foul act the whole bright prospect of a woman’s life.”

In conclusion, ladies, you know your battle-fields, you know your weapons. It is in your power to strike a more powerful blow for humanity than that noble, able, brave, and affectionate gentleman, General Rosecrans, and all the brave men he commanded could do, though by their sufferings, and their blood poured out like water, they should fight twenty such three days’ battles as that of Murfreesborough and Stone River. And I have now only to leave the matter in your hands, and I am sure I do so with a well-founded confidence and hope, that the torrent of avaricious corruption and practical atheistic immorality, unfortunately only too strong,

will be stopped by your sacred affections and your noble sympathies.

It is eight years ago since I became acquainted with the foregoing scenes and facts. If I had desired to meddle in this matter, this letter would have appeared sooner. I selfishly desired, after the first brief burst of indignation, to sever myself for ever from every recollection of the dreadful system. But a great crisis has arrived. Moral right and human happiness, to the remotest generation, are in the one scale. Moral wrong and human misery for centuries in the other. Shall sin and misery, parent and child, stalk longer abroad on God's beautiful earth? I have only written after mature consideration, because *I feel how all important is your help.* I now beg to be allowed, with profound respect, to be

Your very obedient servant,

EDWARD YATES.

ETCHINGHAM, SUSSEX.

No. 6.

WAR SHIPS
FOR
THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY:

REPORT
OF
PUBLIC MEETING IN THE FREE-TRADE HALL,

MANCHESTER;

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH
TO THE "DAILY NEWS."

MANCHESTER:
UNION AND EMANCIPATION SOCIETY, 51, PICCADILLY.

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